

Spirit Caller

VOL.2 / ISSUE 3 - DECEMBER 2014



Spirit Caller Magazine

Volume 2, Issue 3 – December 2014

Tha Mothafukin' Conten'z, Yo!

1Front Cover: “Hare Kore”	by Luna Olcott
3All it takes are a few	Marvin Scott Marvin
4(untitled)	Jason Quiggle
5Why aren't you screaming?	Karl Schneider
6Jonesy (detail)	Carol Powell
7Awakening	Belinda Subraman
7Into the trees where the roots drink from the skies	Carol Powell
8Cheers	Lurana Brown
8Dreams (an erasure)	Shloka Shankar
9Homework	Marilyn Souza
10Licentia Excaput	Jessica Robins-Eads
11Consumer, All Consuming	Steve Shultz
13DREAM THE BIG DREAM	C.G. Reynolds
14Cosmopolitanism	Andy Hall
15Pinocchio is burning	Marvin Scott Marvin
16Compassion and a Texan for Peace	Belinda Subraman
17Could be but you're wrong, it's something completely different	Carol Powell
18Maybe	Marilyn Souza
19Dog.	Jason Quiggle
20Atmosphere	Belinda Subraman
21Reminiscing	Carol Powell
22She likes to swim in her mind	Carol Powell
23Gathering	Carol Powell
24Drift	Stark R.M.
25How to end a radio transmission	Marvin Scott Marvin

This document has been tagged as non-family safe and might not be appropriate for all audiences.

All it takes are a few (summer of '89)

all it takes
to change
the face of a city
are a few
hooligans with slingshots
disappearing into the
sound of glass
as it shatters
laughing
anonymous
malicious

all it takes
to end
the party of the summer
are a few
thieves to carry away
the keg of beer
when no one is looking

all it takes
to celebrate
another year gone by
are a few
bottle rockets
to shoot across the beach
in the middle of the night

- Marvin Scott Marvin



(untitled)

I came into the city alone
downtown I found you in the empty streets
in a tank trying to knock down skyscrapers
I sat and watched you for hours
not like you to not notice
someone staring down your backside
finally I approached you and we
tumbled off in that metal beast

In our little village we convinced Zeus to take
you and I and our woman
to the casino
but really we were off to the horse den
and another immaculate conception
a fetus like a blood moon for us to share
and feed
and feed from

we would suck it dry like we would an orange
or our aching bladders

and Zeus, in the car
weeping
“this is no casino”
as we walked the walls and
crashed muscle cars into each other
and felt the little memories
smoldering under every one of Father's tears

- Jason Quiggle



Why Aren't You Screaming?

I don't understand all this indecision,
All these bill provisions that you provide
to decide that you're not going to care anyway.

Your apathy leads us straight into hell
Creates a swell of deceit from
The ruling elite whose mouths are so full
of our blood sweat and tears
that our legitimate fears become
impotent lines that rhyme with things like
silence.

So let me examine your fingernails
For some sign of lingering entrails
From the bodies you've defaced
And the lives you have laced with
poisoned words and comatose terms.

We're done funding this status quo
Done running towards placid goals.
We're stepping up to the plate
to knock this state on its knees.

We've seen the spoils of greed
Lead to impoverished brothers
With mothers so sick in their bellies
That Machiavelli is crying.

We watch the media pulling the ropes
As they ram down our throats
That our lives are a joke

And we must not prod or poke
This system that tells women
To get pregnant and love it
Tells couples that
Because you're gay
What you say doesn't matter
you can't exploit this adroit
theocracy with a colloquy of common sense.

Let's light up this epoch of social salvation
So the future of this nation
Will not succumb to the stringent
Contingent of senseless creeds
That will bleed out our freedom.

- Karl Schneider



Jonesy (detail)

Carol Powell

Awakening

When the well of everything wrong
and the weight of all that you clutch
slams you down against the cold tile floor
and a little death slips in,
you know it's time to wake up
and seek the light.
The sun and the moon have not moved,
only you.
There are healing forces there
if you let them in
and let time suck out the poison.
It's all about rejoining,
tying loose ends back into the net of life
and letting go.

- Belinda Subraman



Into the trees where the roots drink from the skies

Carol Powell

Cheers

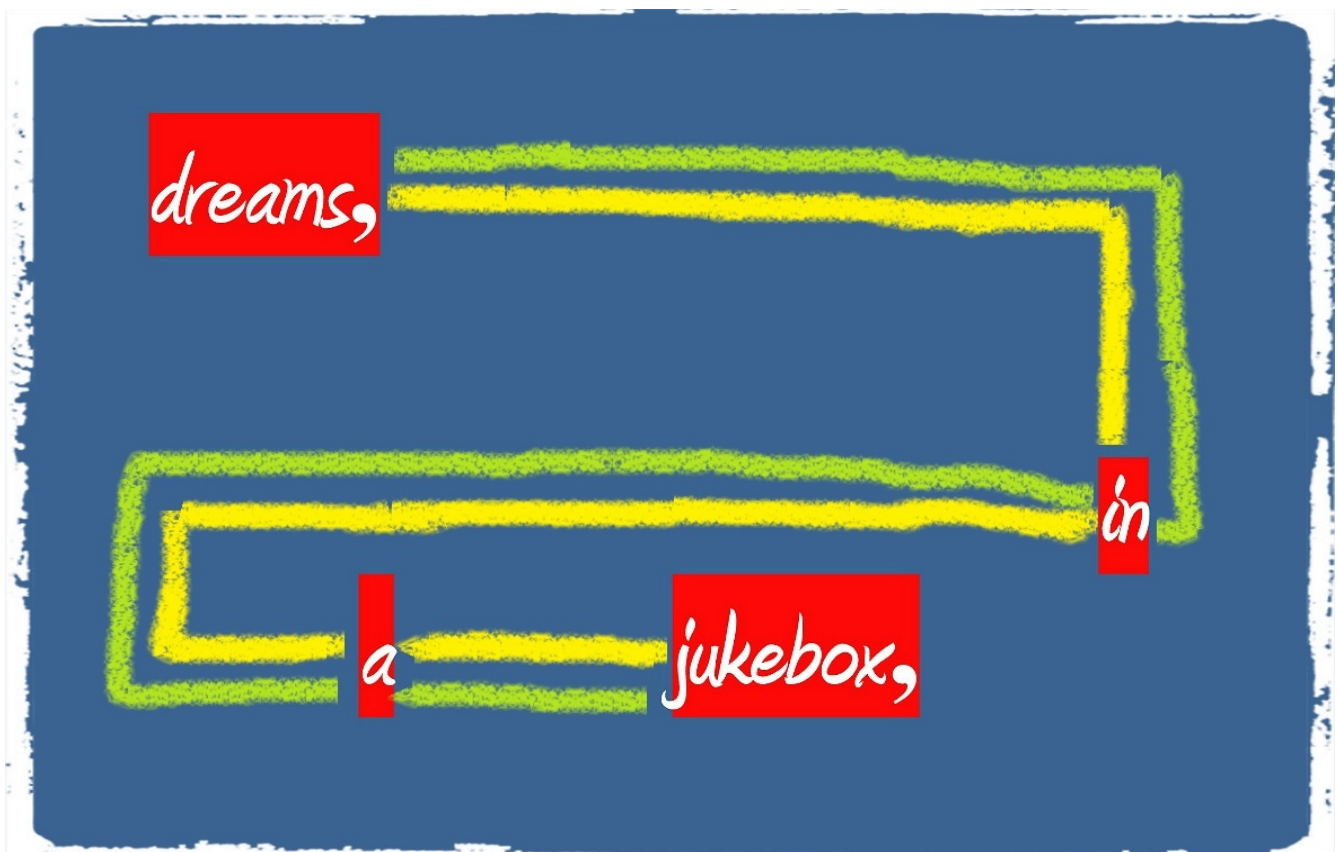
to be sure, there is holiness in detox tea at dawn
but so too in stale night shift coffee that pays the bills
sippy cups for wakeful children, toasts to friends and
most of all, anything shared
with the thirsty

it may not be your cup of tea, but
sanctimony leaves a wicked aftertaste

rather, raise a glass to the dregs of humanity
cups overflowing with blood, sweat and
tears of just getting through today
all over the world, purification by humility

there are flavors of God untasted
and I'll drink to that

- Lurana Brown



Dreams – an erasure from Part I of Allen Ginsberg's 'Howl'

Shloka Shankar

homework

Nebraska. They called me, Nebraska.

I passed a billboard in a cornfield while driving East on I-80.

It read "OUTLAW SODOMY".

I said "how odd, someone advertising their band in a cornfield".

I had to be reminded of where we were, and apparently...about sodomy.

Nebraska's always felt like a slow fuck up the ass.

Corn oil for your corn hole.

Not for souls.

The souls are forgetful that they have themselves.

Do souls matter, when the Huskers are playing?

Nothing, not even my pre-pubescent chest at age 11, could be more flat.

Looking for miles, seeing the same thing.

And if you're lucky, truly lucky...you might get to see the wind.

Rolling through the sandhills during winter.

And if there are such things as souls, and you have one, you'll appreciate that small earthly gesture as something God, of the Great Plains, has given you.

And not the God who wants to outlaw sodomy.

A different God.

One who is kind, gentle, and fears not love of any kind.

Giant, fertile monster. Desolate Sandhill soul.

Alliance, Hershey, Potter-Dix, Sutherland, Paxton, McCook, Ogallala, North Platte, Lincoln, Scotts Bluff, Omaha, Sidney.

I took comfort in the shapes the Sandhill Cranes created.

Pointed me in new directions.

Told me it was not only okay to fly, but necessary.

I found myself breaking tradition by nurturing rough talents.

I still cannot rope a calf, or line dance.

But there was something magical about the openness.

Something secure about being surrounded, completely, by nothing at all.

- Marilyn Souza



'Freedom from Capitalism'
Licentia Excaput

• Jessica Robins-Eads 5/10/2007
Jessica Robins-Eads

consumer, all-consuming

When did self
become so sensitive
touchy with toxins
scanning canned food labels
as if ingredients
made a shred of difference
counting out carbs
& measuring malaise

consumer, all-consuming

I never bothered
to inspect
those first few sheets
of acid
before someone
put them on my tongue
at age 16

or cared
that mushrooms grow
in cow shit
I just ate them
with a piece of Grandma's
carrot cake
on someone's birthday

and I never worried
about what shade
of black my lungs turned
after cigarette
after pack after pack

so when did this consciousness line
become so defined
and when did I decide to cross it

consumer, all-consuming
a compass center
swallowing all directions

- Steven Shultz



DREAM THE BIG DREAM

That's what the henchmonculus told me,
So I filled my belly with rum and angst,
Waiting for the night to come.
We arrived in the old Bohemian stronghold,
That place of so many wild nights and mad dreams,
The place was positively 4th Street.
It was as though that small, elitist corps of desert punk kids
Had bred like rabid, nihilistic jackrabbits,
Producing thousands of virtually identical off-the-shelf individuals,
Trademark outsiders of all ages, all wearing the same expressions of
Cosmopolitan disaffectation, sad drunkenness, press-on despair,
And those few, those happy few,
Who caught the wave and rode the vibe of pure creative force
Still struggling through those ugly streets.
I walked in country, lost in a crowd of Las Vegas dolls, till we came to our
Encampment.
We came drunk and ready for war,
Ready to blitzkreig through safety zones,
Ready to attack mediocrity and orthodoxy in all its forms,
Ready to kill deadened sensibilities,
Ready to roll our cocks out in the street (even the girls)
And rape taboo itself.
For this, I needed a beer.
That ancient salamander of stage fright that still swelt in my humours was
Rearing up through the rum, screaming a litany of my inadequacies.
I was tapped to man the mic, to repel the unworthy and
Defend the ones who love me.
I released a standard volley of fire and brimstone love poetry,
Before leaving the struggle for the street to my trusty henchmonculus.
He held the mic stand like a strangled lover, howling like
An enraged burning poppy, dropping the pages of his poem like
Flower petals as he swayed in the eye of his own storm,
Vomiting images so vile, so disturbing, so true
It seemed as though he were challenging God himself to silence him.
But God only Laughed, just like always, and afterward,
We went out and got wasted, just like always.

- C.G. Reynolds



Cosmopolitanism

Everything is so boring and sunnavabitch
I can't stand it all
I gnash my teeth
I feel like a glass of urine
Half full half empty
I have an A in Mediocrity

I can't stand looking in the mirror
I see you
I don't know what to do
The world is closing in
Jesus is coming for me
He has a gun

None of this means squat
We are full of it
Whatever it is
Like it or not
Don't kill the Messenger
or if you do

Don't let me go without saying
A few last words such as
I love this crazy world, I love my penis
I love my giant buttocks
I want to toss your sauce
I have no idea what this means

- Andy Hall



Pinocchio is burning

Three green eyes and a crazy smile
dance as the house burns down.

Hanging from a rope of light
on the tail end of a jellyfish parade.

A bow breaking through the waves,
Hello. Hello. Hello.

If the shooting stars ever run out of bullets
there's a whole electric blue lake of bayonets.

...and a small dog barking in the bright sun.

- Marvin Scott Marvin



*she wore a red dress
for a golden moment*

Compassion And A Texan For Peace

Jordan has swollen my feet.
My legs are lead
yet I move
and am moved.
Iraqi refugees tell me
their hopelessness
and I will bear witness.
They are illegal everywhere.
Their homes are destroyed.
Overwhelmingly
they are women and children
with their husbands and fathers
dead or vanished.
They have the clothes on their backs
and whatever they can find
or what is given to them by charities.
From truck drivers to teachers
and engineers
they have no decent way to live
and nobody wants them.
Yet they gave me coffee, tea,
shared their humble dwellings
and were able to separate the individual
from the war machine.

Today I bought a pillow
with an Arabic inscription,
(and today hundreds of Iraqis died
not only from bomb blasts and machine gun fire
but from starvation, disease
and lack of medical treatment).
The inscription translated:
"The garden cannot help but bloom
as we cannot help but love."

I think that's why I'm here.

- Belinda Subraman



Could be but you're wrong, it's something completely different.

Carol Powell

Maybe

Maybe I don't have all the answers.
Maybe right now I feel lost and maybe I'm scared most days.
Scared that I don't have a place in the world, and
what little space I take up is getting smaller every day.
Maybe I feel like a failure.
That's how my pops used to talk to me, too.
Maybe he knew what he was talking about.
Lazy.
Bitch.
Maybe I'm just uninspired and my small, realistic
hopes, the easy ones I dream up for myself, keep
getting stomped on.
Maybe that's "just life".
Maybe I'm just as depressed and suicidal as the next guy.
Maybe I'm too prideful to let you or anyone else know.
Because that's what sorry sounds like.
Maybe it's not boredom or loneliness, maybe it's pain I can't put a name to.
Maybe I'm ugly.
Maybe I haven't liked the way I look in years now.
I used to feel beautiful, you know?
Maybe I'm by myself most days.
No one to talk to, and maybe,
I've got too many friends in lalaland who know just how I feel.
Or don't.
Pretend to know.
In hopes that one day they can get in my pants.
Just maybe, I have some real friends who would go out of their way
if I needed them. Maybe.
Maybe I don't get many visitors for a reason.
Could be it's too far, could be I'm too far.
Maybe I hate myself.
Maybe I have my reasons.
Lots of them.
Maybe I have to end this here, because I could go on forever.
Maybe that's the only thing I know for certain.

- Marilyn Souza



dog.

I cannot promise tomorrow
even though
I am like some double 0 agent
famous for falling my way through triumphs
I hide all my sins where you are afraid to touch
In your trash
In your dirty laundry
I laugh and I love myself

all the comfort I find in your fly meal
I will give you this

You sleep in the Hurricanes I tremble through
So much for secular humanism
I shoulda bought in,

I had a few but they passed

I listen to lots of music now
I buy old books
I sit in hurricanes.

Thought you'd like to know

- Jason Quiggle



Atmosphere

Every daisy-headed
piece of the sun,
every tree hair
blooming its brains out
knows more than a Buddhist.

I'm alone with the hill.
I roll with it
earth-kissed
yet I feel nothing
but the wind.

I AM the wind.
I am not continuous.
Life force pulses
and surges in me.
I change
in the hands of flowers.

- Belinda Subraman





Reminiscing

Carol Powell



She likes to swim in her mind

Carol Powell



Gathering

Carol Powell

drift

I must have drifted out of the brainy urinal's world
and back in and back out.
Brainy for a urinal means you can see the heat of your customers
and flush when they leave.
You don't need to know if they left a deposit
nor if they clogged your drain,
just see them and flush when they disappear.
I was still leaving my offering to Loki when I day-dreamed
of Loki's daughter's domain.
The brainiac urinal flushed twice and broke my reverie.
Even the Univac had its bugs.
Maybe it was just a glitch,
yet vanity hints those flushes were more
than mere coincidence.

- Stark R.M.



How to End a Radio Transmission

the radio wants to go
crazy
over you

the alarm clock has been
murdered
over drugs and money

the ashtray is staggering
drunk
over into another hazy day

the computer has multiple personality
disorder
over the top

all the paintings in here show the same eyes and lips
exaggerated
over and over

the most pressing question is when
is this going to ever be
over.

- Marvin Scott Marvin



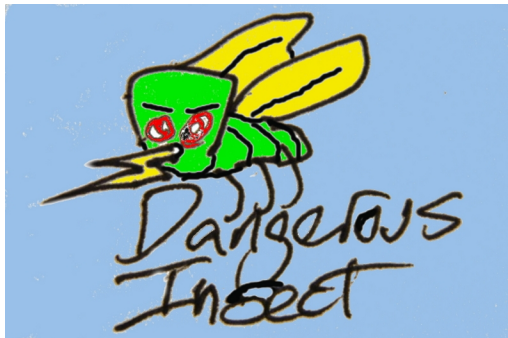


For more information, “LIKE” Spirit Caller Magazine on Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/SpiritCallerMagazine>

Be our friend on Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/spirit.caller.3>



All works copyright by their creators.

Copyright Dangerous Insect Media 2014

